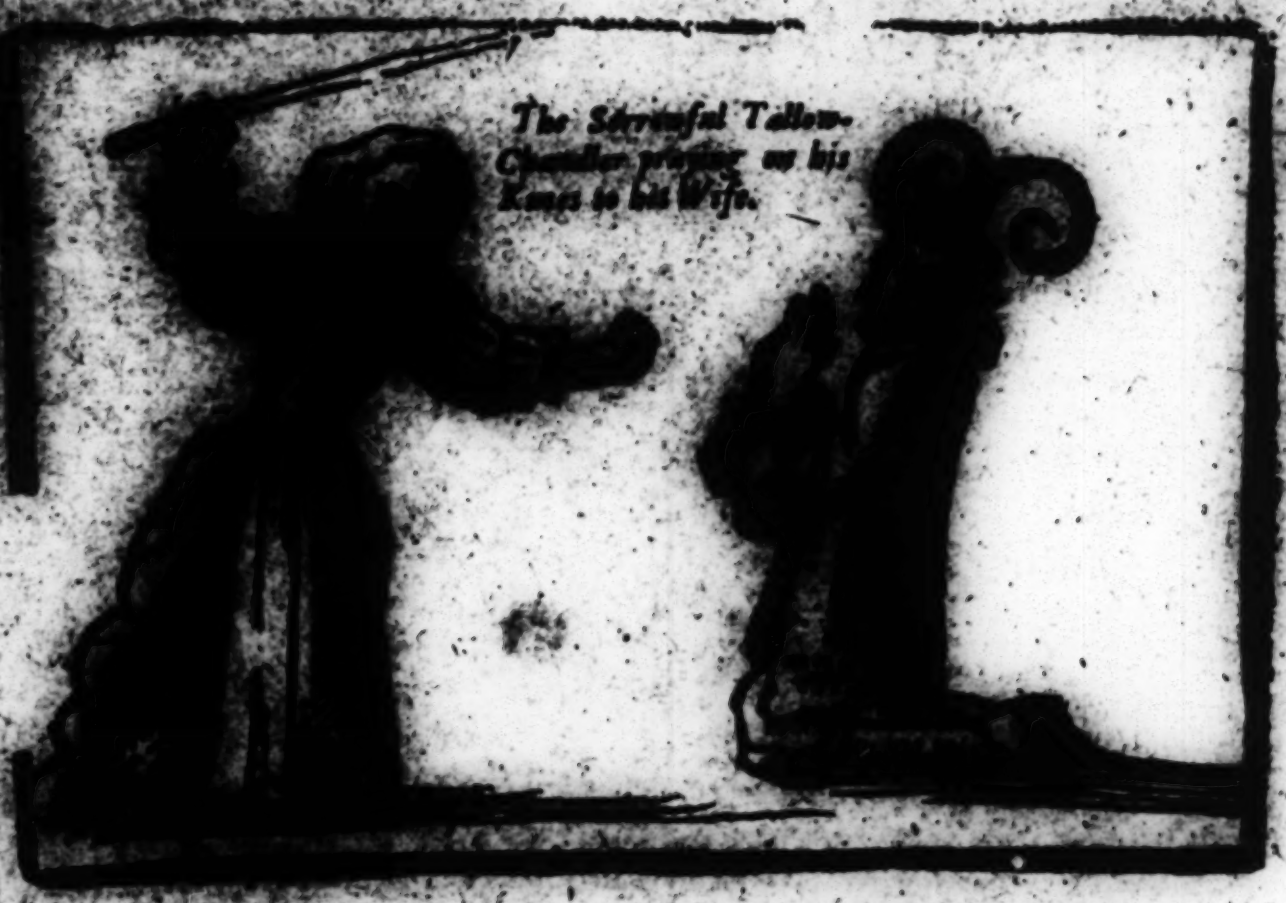
The Hen-pekt Cuckold;

Being a Tallow-Chandlers Sorrowful Lamentation for the Cruelty of

A wanton VVIFE.

Tune of, *Gaines with her.* Licensed according to Order.



The Sorrowful Tallow-Chandler praying on his Knees to his Wife.

YOung Batchelors that are single,
be careful how you marry,
Least fates with cares you mingle,
when you like me miscarry:
Unto the Silver-apple-tree
I am bound, now barred liberty,
the grief I undergo,
none but my self doth know,
for when the wanton play,
I'm Cuckold night and day
yet I must nothing say,
O this Wife will make me weary of my life.

I married her for beauty
and faith I think I'm fitted;
She sweers to own her duty,
am I not to be pitied?
A sum of Fourscore Pounds a Year,
Yet Kind Neighbours I am here the near;
for if I want a Friend
I have a Groat to spend,
but she'll in Taverns meet
her Gallants, whom she'll treat,
whilst I have food to Eat.
O this Wife will make me weary of my life.

Sometimes I blow the Fire
with an intent to coole her,
believe me, I'm so 'lyke,
the Devil cannot please her:
Perhaps something may fall awry,
Then she'll straightways make the bellows
or wring me by the Ears, (fly:
she'll not regard my tears;
for being all alone,
I dare not sigh nor groan,
nor say my souls my own.
O this wife will make me weary of my life.

One morning she was rising,
I was smiling on her,
so dreadful was the Blow,
that blood began to flow,
and I aloud did roar,
but my tormentor swore,
she'd give me ten times more,
O this wife, will make me weary of my life.

There came a Linnen Draper,
one morning to embrace her,
And I began to vapour,
how I did scourge and lace her:
He swore I should not them molest,
And with that he lockt me in a cheft,
where close confin'd I lay,
while he and she did play;
their sport they did renew,
which made my heart to rue,
such Qneans there is but few.
O this wife will make me weary of my life.

There's lusty *Will* the Plummer,
likewise his brother *Francis*,
And brawny *Dick* the Drummer,
see how each Villain Dances,
Her Minick gives them all content;
As for me alas I do lament;
the Feathers which I wear,
does to the world declare
that I am hornify'd;
Old Nick would not be ty'd
to such a curst bride.
O this wife will make me weary of my life.

My Grief I cannot smother,
such is my sad disaster;
I'll never have another,
shall be so much my master;
If Death would be so much my Friend,
As to bring my Troubles to an end,
and to take her to the Grave,
'tis all that I would have;
so soon as she is Dead,
I'll mourn in Sack and Red,
and never more will Woe,
[illegible] make me weary of my life.

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(1694-95)